

Willsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAW—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XIX.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1889.

No. 988.



FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling
winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of
the storm!
O! still in thy loveliness emblem the flowers,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten
life's way!
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an
hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the
day.
Forgive and forget! there's no breast so un-
feeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there
live;
And the best of us require something conceal-
ing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and
forgive!
Then away with the cloud from those beau-
tiful eyes,
That brow was no home for frowns to have
met;
O! how could our spirits e'er hope for the
skies,
If heaven refused to forgive and forget!

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S LOVE.

BY CALVIN PETERS.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

You talk of stage-drivers. Is it not strange that, in his vast range of characters, Shakespeare had not a single picture of a veritable driver? He makes Hamlet to say "all the world's a stage," and Richard to exclaim, "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse;" and yet of the autocrat of post-roads, the man who commands a stage, and four horses, he has said nothing. Most strange forgetfulness. The whips, however, shall not always remain unwhipped of justice. Mount, our American—Mount, shall yet mount the stage-box with me, and as we gallop over the hills and dales of the fertile West, shall dash down their peculiarities, and yet produce his crack picture.

I shall leave the subject for him. He will produce a sketch worthy of the American artist, and—Colman's Miscellany. I have a simple story to tell, to please you, ladies and gentlemen, if you will only listen.

While on the road from Ithica to Elmira, I fell in with a driver much to my mind. He was evidently a picked fellow—wore a satin stock instead of a bandanna, and spoke the English language to an unusual extent. When I say this, I mean that he did not use the horse language exclusively; for your drivers, like other men who hold the reins, are apt to have a court vocabulary. I was seated beside him commenting from time to time upon various topics, when at a sudden turn of the road we came upon a cluster of snug dwellings, one of which was conspicuous for its taste.

It was a cottage-house with wings, having a neat door-yard and lawn in front. A green latticed portico shielded the front door, over which was trellised a luxuriant honeysuckle. Roses and other flowering shrubs were scattered around, but still neglect and confusion marred the effect of these tokens of refinement. It was, notwithstanding, a sweet spot, and I inquired who lived there?

"I believe no one lives there now," responded the driver. "You will see, sir, the windows are closed; the flowers all tangled, and the honeysuckle wants trimming; yet that house was a happy place once, sir. Five years ago, sir, no one would have thought of so sad a change. 'The world is full of changes, sir!'"

"It is, indeed," said I. "But what of the cottage—tell me who lived there, and what has become of them?"

"Oh, it's a most sad and pitiful story, sir, and makes my heart ache to think of it. I've often told it, for every one inquires about that cottage. There's a melancholy interest hanging over it, like that forlorn honeysuckle, and I always feel downhearted when I pass it. But it's of no use to be downhearted in this world, sir."

"Not at all, my friend, but now for your story."

"Well, 'tis as I told you, a sad and wretched one." (Here the driver threw away his segar, and cracked up his horse.)

"You see, sir, the proprietors on this road have always been very careful about the drivers. They must have good, careful, steady fellows. (I seldom drink, sir, very seldom.) The reason, sir, is plain as the hub of a coach wheel. It's all ups and downs here, hills and hollows, as you see; a driver must keep his eyes about him; for if he should get drunk, and neglect his duty, slap, sir, in a moment, his whole load would be thrown heels over head, into eternity."

Drivers have a heavy load upon their minds, sir. But as I was going to say, sir, the best driver ever put upon this road, or any where else, was Jim Ayton. Oh, sir, you cannot think what a fine fellow he was, and a stage-driver too. It is his story I am going to tell you, for Jim's heart and life once rested in that white cottage."

"How was that," said I.

"Let me tell the whole story," said the driver.

"Jim Ayton, was the son of Charles Ayton. His father was a tipsy, do-nothing gentleman, college-bred, but none the better for that, sir. He early came to these parts, bringing with him a wife, sickly lady, but there was something very mild and good about her. The folks said she was a clergyman's daughter, and that Ayton had stolen her heart, while at college, and married her, against the consent of all her friends. It must have been so, sir, for no friends ever came to see her. She made friends however. Every body round about loved her, she was so sweet, engaging, and affectionate-like. She made little things for the children, and met them at church, and had a kind word for every body. I recollect her well, sir, I was a child then—I am a child now, sir. (Here the driver paused a few moments, to stifle his emotions.)

"You will pardon me, sir. These things are strange, but I can never recollect that sweet lady, and her stroking my hair, and patting my cheeks, and giving me little books and pictures, but my heart is full. She died of grief, sir. She died on her husband while every one else despised him; and why did they despise him, sir? His hard-working father had toiled day and night to send him to college—he had married an angel, sir, and yet he threw himself away, he murdered himself soul and body with rum. Often, sir, in the cold and stormy nights of the winter, has that feeble woman sought him out and taken him away from the taverns. She could persuade him when no one else could, for such a wife, sir, could persuade a man to any thing, except to leave rum altogether, and that death alone could do. Yes, sir, she tried hard, but she could not keep him from drink! I have heard the people tell how she prayed for him; sat up for him; took his head in her lap, and spoke soothingly to him, till he vowed a thousand times he would quit the bottle, and become a good man, and yet it was all smoke, sir! He became worse and worse, as all drunkards do, and would you believe it, sir, before he died, he beat that tender-hearted woman he once loved so much. Yes, sir, the neighbors heard of it and would have torn his house down over his head, and taken her among them, but she prevented them, and begged them to spare him for her sake—She loved him to the last, when all the world had forsaken him; she followed him like his shadow, till he was unable to go about; and when at last he died, in raving madness, she never, never raised her head, but dropped, as it were, into the same grave. Mrs. Ayton died three weeks after her husband, and left poor Jim an orphan at the age of twelve years. He had been her stay and comfort, sir, in the long years of misery with her husband, and she taught him many things that he never forgot. So, sir, at twelve years old he was left alone in this world."

"Jim's grandfather, sir, was still alive, but though a hard-working man, he was a drunken brute too. He had never liked his son's early marriage, though his daughter-in-law was an angel, and far too good for him. He, however, took Jim home, and made him do all sorts of work upon his farm. The poor boy's health began to suffer, but just then a master came into the place, and set up a district school. The neighbors made him let Jim go to it, and Jim took learning so well, that in a short time, he outstripped all the scholars, and even equaled the master himself. I was one of the school boys, sir, and recollect hearing the master say; that it all came of having so good a mother, and the tears came in Jim's eyes when he said so. Well, the master loved him, and we all loved him, and the visiting committee said he ought to be sent to college, but who was there to send him, poor orphan! His grandfather heard of their wishes, and the very mention of college made him savage. He took Jim away from school, and put him to harder work. His son, he said, had been ruined at college; but there he lied, sir. Every body knew that the old man had spoiled him before he went. But Jim was in his power, and he took every means to oppress him, but it did not last long. One night the old grog-bruiser got into a hard frolic, and after beating Jim shamefully, turned him out of doors. So the poor boy came in the dead of night, without a coat to his back, and took shelter with George Norbury, who kept the Farmer's Hotel."

"Now Norbury had always liked Jim, and received him gladly, and said he should not go back to the old ruffian, who might put his life in danger. We drivers, too, liked him, and as Norbury owned this line of stages, and Jim had often been at his house, we had learned

him to drive, till he could drive as well as the best of us. We spoke up for him, and said that if he would not go back to his grandfather, we would willingly support him out of our wages; but Jim was too independent for that, as you shall see, sir."

"As Jim knew how to drive so well, he could not bear the thought of lounging about and sucking his fingers, so he proposed to Norbury to drive a stage. Norbury tho't he was too young, and wanted him about the house, but Jim couldn't bear this. He asked to be put upon trial, and took hold of the reins with such readiness and good will, that we all had to yield to him. No driver ever managed a team better, for his whole heart was upon it. He was proud of showing his spirit, and we were all proud of him, for hadn't we taught him? It would have done your heart good, sir, to have heard the passengers on the route, particularly the ladies, ask for the little stage-driver. Jim was rather small, sir, but he had a mighty spirit, and yet he was as gentle as a lamb, and that is the reason why the ladies liked him so. And the horses, too, got to knowing Jim, as well as you do your christian name; and they would seem to spring at the sound of his voice, and curve their necks at the sight of him, like reasoning creatures. Horses know more than some people think they do, and soon get to knowing who is kind to them. Don't you think horses reason, sir?"

"Much better than some men do," said I.

"I knew you was a man of sense, and understood human nature," responded the driver, "but I must go on with my story."

"Jim soon got to be well known on this line. Every one along the road liked him. They trusted him with their errands and messages, and I used to think the girls made messages in order to speak with him. But he kept straight forward in the line of his duty; he was always gentle and obliging; he was glad to do every body a service; but why should I tell you of all these things—the truth is, he was a devilish clever fellow, and every body thought so!" (Here the stage-driver brought down his hand with an emphatic slap upon his knee, which left no doubt of the truth of his assertion.)

"So you see, sir, Jim became a regular stage-driver. For upward of five years, he drove without any interruption. Hot or cold, wet or dry, it was all the same to him, he kept to his business, and set us all a fine example. In the whole five years he had never been heard to swear. His mother, who is now in heaven, sir, had set his mind against this. He had never drank a drop of liquor, for there was the warning of his father and grandfather, before his eyes. Oh, sir, I have seen the blood fly in his cheeks, and his limbs tremble, when strangers have urged him to drink with them. We stage-drivers know better, yes, bad as some of us are, we never could think of insulting him. He took no part in our frolics, sir."

"Well, sir, now I come to the pith of the story. Jim was about fifteen years old, as I was saying. At this time of life, it is natural for people to think of love matters, but no one had thought about Jim, or joked him. He was polite to every body. Every girl on the road; or in the settlement, knew he thought well of her, and every girl thought well of him, but he did not run after any of them. He stuck to his business, as I said before, sir. But, sir, we soon had to confess that we had all been blind, while love was wide awake, as the song goes. Would you believe it, without turning out of his way at all, the prettiest girl in all Johnson's settlement, was found to be in love with Jim, dead in love, over head and ears, as the folks say."

"This girl, sir, was Lucy Dunmore. My heart always beats quicker, when I speak of her. You may have seen city beauties, but you never saw one like her, sir. She was the roundest, rosiest, brightest girl that ever blessed a whole neighborhood. Everybody loved her, and praised her, and all the girls gave way to her, and yet she never seemed to care for her beauty, and was far more unsuspicious of it, than many others who were not worth one of her bright blue eyes. She had red cheeks, and the sweetest dimples, and seemed to be always laughing, till every body laughed with her. It was astonishing how she made her way into every body's heart, and yet no one could blame her. Every young man, for ten miles round, was proud of her smile, and would have gone round the world on foot to marry her, but pshaw, she did not think of marrying, not she! She would have made a wife for the President, sir."

"But, sir, love, like murder, will come out. Lucy suddenly lost all her free heartedness—she was in love with Jim, and she could not conceal it. She had no hypocrisy. Every thing she did to hide her feelings, only showed them more and more. I don't know if this is the case with city ladies, sir?"

"Not exactly," said I.

"Well, Lucy was clearly enough in

love, and, of course, Jim could not help being so too. You would have been so yourself, if you had seen her. It was all very natural. Lucy had been the favorite of Jim's mother. Often had she taken little presents of eggs and butter to the sweet lady. And Jim and she had been to school together, romped together; phandered at parties, climbed the hills for huckleberries, and all these things have a mighty effect upon the sentimental feelings, you know, sir."

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"The youngsters soon saw the state of the case, and though we doubted as long as possible, yet in the end, we all backed out. It is hard to be beaten in love matters, sir; but in love, as in horse-racing, it is better to pay forfeit, than to lose the whole stake. We saw it was of no use to run with Jim, so we all quit the course. And Lucy did love Jim dearly, and she loved her with all his heart, without making much fuss about it. Yet Lucy tried hard to keep away from him, and was often unhappy—for why, sir, I'll tell you the reason. Her father, farmer Dunmore, was a careful, thrifty, forehanded man, and a rare farmer. He valued Lucy as the apple of his eye. His was the cottage we have been speaking of. He built it himself, on the same spot where his old log-cabin had stood. He was always going ahead in the world. He early saw that Lucy had a notion for Jim, but he treated her as a mere child. He did not think her feelings deep-seated, and if he did, he merely said, 'Pshaw, you silly girl, did not his father get drunk, and his grand-daddy too, and what can be expected from Jimmy Ayton? Play with him, child, but don't let him run away with you. You wouldn't like to be like poor Mrs. Ayton, would you?"

"These slanders of her father cut poor Lucy to the quick, you see, sir, but she saw that Jim was worthy, and in spite of every thing, she gave her heart up to him, and everybody saw that they must be married. People in the country soon learn all about these matters, sir."

"Indeed," said I, "and how do they learn?"

"I hardly know," said the stage-driver. "There are some mighty shrewd women in the country. They see deeper into young folks' feelings, than young folks themselves. They know all the signs of love, and they know long before they have spoken the question. They put about reports, sir, and everybody soon learns about the love-matters of the young folks."

"So you said, sir?"

"Well, as I was saying, Lucy and Jim were too dead in love to care much what any folks said. They loved each other better than all the world, and seemed to forget every one else, when they were together. And Lucy soon grew bold enough to take his part with her father, and the farmer soon saw how the case stood, and that it was of no use for him to make any opposition. Farmer Dunmore was a sensible man, sir; he married for love himself, and he knew very well, that where such people as Lucy and Jim loved each other, they would have each other, if all heaven and earth stood in the way. I rather think, however, that Lucy would have broken her heart, rather than disobey her father; but be that as it might, she had no reason for doing this, for when farmer Dunmore saw that Jim behaved so well, and looked so smart, and kept clear of rum, and all bad company, he began to take him by the hand. Farmer Dunmore was a kind man, sir; he looked into people's feelings, and liked them for their honesty, and wasn't stuck up by his riches like some folks. He saw that Jim was a fine fellow, and that nothing could turn him, so he welcomed him to his house, and took pleasure in seeing the comfort of Jim and his daughter. He even offered to take Jim on his farm, and give him high wages, but how could Norbury part with his little stage-driver? This was the name all the strangers called him by, though at this time he was tall, straight, and manly, though rather delicate looking to be sure. Jim had agreed to stay with Norbury till he was twenty-one, and he wasn't the fellow to break a fair bargain!"

"So Jim continued to drive, sir, and passed Lucy's house every day, and visited her when he could get a chance, and that I guess was pretty often. Lovers can make chances enough, you know, sir. After a hard day's drive, many a night have I known Jim to saddle little gray, and gallop off to see Lucy. To be sure, he had to be back again before daylight, but what of that? People in love, you know, sir, don't care about regular rest."

"I believe not," said I.

"And as Jim every day drove the stage past Lucy's house, it would have been strange if she had not stood at the window to look for him, and it was very natural for her to be doing some out-of-door work under that honeysuckle, sir, and as Jim generally had some messages that were none of the passenger's business, it was not strange, sir, that she gave him honeysuckles and roses to put in his button-hole. Oh, he was a happy man, sir; he was happier than a prince, for how can a man feel happier, than when he is loved by the prettiest girl in the coun-

try; yes, I may say, by the prettiest girl in the whole world, for that matter, sir! I wish you could have seen her. I have carried loads of passengers sir, but never one like Lucy! Sometimes though, when Lucy did not come out under the honeysuckle, he knew where she was standing, and as she flung a kiss to him, would rise upon the footboard, and touch his cap to her, just like a Spanish Don Caballero as I once hear a lady say. I know nothing about Caballeros, sir, but this I do know; that Jim touched his cap as gracefully and proudly, as any of the flare ups of Broadway. His mother had taught him manners, sir, and the little stage driver, was always the gentleman. But that touching his cap, sir, was the death of him." (Here the stage driver delayed a moment to wipe his eyes, and proceeded.)

"Let me see—where was I—oh, I am just coming to the point."

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Well, as I was saying, all things were going on so well and so smiling, and so happy, Jim and Lucy were as good as married. Farmer Dunmore had given his consent, and called him son. He loved Jim better than he did his farm, and all his horses. Lucy had recovered her gaiety, and was more beautiful than ever. I and all the young people of the place were looking out for the wedding, when, sir, a single slip of Jim's foot, made the whole world dark for him. The saddest accident took place that ever was known in this settlement. Oh, it was awful, sir, most awful. I am all in a fever when I think of it—I am all in a fever when I think of it—poor Jim, poor Jim!"

"Large drops of perspiration stood upon the forehead of the driver. He wiped his face and proceeded."

"Poor Jim—it was a sharp, cold morning, when he set out from Norbury's on his last drive. He little thought it was his last drive, poor fellow. He was as gay as a lark, and as merry as a cricket, and patted his horses, and laughed at everybody. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday. I shook hands with him and told him to give my love to Lucy, just to tease him like; but nothing could tease him, sir, he was so good natured. He mounted the box, and whistled to his horses, and off they went, while Norbury rubbed his hands, and looked proud, for Norbury loved Jim, and was proud of his steadiness. Norbury thought he had the credit of making so fine a fellow of Jim, but Jim took care of himself, sir, and all through the advice of his dead mother."

"How well I remember that morning, sir. The winds whistled among the high trees of these hills, the icicles hung upon their boughs, and the frost was bitter sharp. Norbury had wrapped Jim up warm, and I offered him my coat, but the little fellow laughed at us all. He didn't care for the cold—not he! He was not the fellow to flinch at anything. He had a warm heart, and warm jacket to boot, and as he put his fingers into his mittens, I saw his eyes glisten, for Lucy had made them for him. She was always doing him little kindnesses, and we youngsters always found it out. But he saw her last kindness that day, and died with his eyes fixed upon it!"

"Go on," said I.

"The morning was cold, as I said. Some snow had fallen during the night, and the rain had glazed it over, so that the whole road was one glare of ice. It needed careful driving, sir, and Jim always drove carefully. Now Lucy had been thinking of Jim, and his exposure to the cold, and secretly, with her own fingers, had knitted for him a bright red muffler, to go about his neck. She had said nothing to him, sir, but meant to surprise him with it. So as this morning was so bitter cold, she concluded to stand out upon the stoop, and give it to him as he drove past. What little things may stop a man's life and prospects, sir. That muffler was put in Jim's coffin! But I am getting before my story."

"As Lucy had made the muffler with her own sweet fingers, and meant to give it to Jim, she stood ready at the door, as the stage came up. Jim was standing braced against the footboard, holding his horses as only a driver knows how to do. As he came near farmer Dunmore's, the team had got under some headway, and he was just reining them in, when his eyes caught Lucy, holding up the bright red muffler. The horses were just past the portico, he turned towards her, and raised himself upon the footboard to touch her hat, and throw a kiss to her. The love of the dear girl probably made him tremble, or the footboard was icy, or something else sir, for just then—oh God, oh God! sir, his feet slipped from under him, and down he pitched, head foremost, among the horses!"

"And they trampled him to death!" exclaimed I.

"When Jim fell, the shock started the horses, and they plunged like mad-caps down the hill, sir. They didn't go far, however. The ground, as I said, was all of a glare of ice. Either Jim's body, or the slacking of the lines, or the slipperiness, or all together, made them stumble; and before they had gone far, down they all came, heels over head, together."

The horses kicked and struggled, and bit each other like perfect furies. The stage tumbled on top of them, and they stayed it all to oven-wood. Two of the horses died, sir, for it was an awful steep place where they fell. The passengers were flung out in every direction. Some had their heads stove in, others had their legs and arms broken, and no one escaped without bruises. Two others were killed, besides Jim, sir. Oh, it was an awful, bloody sight, as ever was heard of, sir. And there was Lucy, poor Lucy—she saw Jim fall, she saw the whole horrid sight, sir. It is no wonder that she fell down under that honeysuckle, and went into hysterical fits, and agonies. Her screams roused the whole neighborhood. Farmer Dunmore, and the rest of his people, hastened to the door, and then they saw all. They saw the horses plunging and rolling down the hill—poor mangled people crawling along the road, and heard the shrieks and groans of those who were all crushed up in the stage. Oh, sir, it was too shocking, it was horrible. I grow sick at the thought of it. The neighbors came together, sir, and took up the wounded people—and Jim, poor Jim—"

"How was he found," interrupted I.

"Hear me out," exclaimed the driver.

"Oh, he was mashed into a perfect cake! He was cut into inch pieces, sir. And how could it be otherwise. He was first dashed about by the heels of the horses, then they rolled over him, and the stage fell upon him; he was ground down as flat as the earth itself, sir. He was a mass, sir, a perfect mass—nothing! There was no shape about him, and if it had not been for his clothes no one could have told him for a human being. The folks could not make a shroud for him, so the doctors showed them the difference between his head and feet by the bits of bones, and they put him decently in a coffin, and covered him with linen, and put the bright red muffler over the place where his heart should have been, and so they buried him."

"—And where did they bury him?" asked I.

"Of course, beside his mother," said the driver.

"Poor boy—and what became of Lucy?"

"She broke down, sir! I beg pardon; I meant to say, when she got through screaming, she fainted. They put her on a bed, and there she lay, hour after hour, looking like a corpse, and groaning from the bottom of her heart. She would not see the daylight, sir, but kept her hands clenched over her eyes. She was afraid of seeing poor Jim, crushing to pieces in the midst of those terrible horses."

"She soon took a change, however, and then it was sad to look upon her. She became as mild and gentle as a lamb, but still she was crazy-like. She thought Jim alive, and begged her father to bring him to her, in tones that almost broke the old man's heart. It was very trying for him, sir, for what could he say to her, and poor Jim lying all the while cold in the grave? It was a severe blow to farmer Dunmore, sir. It was like losing son and daughter both. But Lucy at last got up again, but it would not do to let her live here, so her people all went to Illinois, where she had a brother on a farm."

"And is she there still?"

"I heard so. Squire Barbage was out that way six months ago, and saw Lucy. He says she is not the same girl; that she never laughs, and is grown so pale and thin; he could not bear to look at her. The squire says she looks as shadow-like as poor Mrs. Ayton did. He thinks she is dying, and I think so too. Some folks say the climate is killing her, but she was quite thin when she went away from here. I know how it is, sir, and its no use to sham the matter. True love is true love all the world over! Lucy's heart is broken. Nobody has seen her smile since the day of Jim's death. She is going to meet him in heaven, sir, as sure as there is a heaven above." Here the stage-driver gave way for a moment to his emotions, and then said thoughtfully—as he "put out"—

"Such people as Jim and Lucy must meet in heaven, I know, sir!"

"I have no doubt of it," said I with fervor.

"Every body thinks so," said the driver.

"SETTLING ACCOUNTS."

When a minister was spending a few weeks in Edinburg, there came, on business, to the house, a man of the world. He was introduced to the minister in the following manner: "This is an acquaintance of mine, and I am sorry to add, though young and healthy, he never attends public worship." "I am almost tempted to hope that you are bearing false witness against your neighbor," replied the minister. "By no means, (said the young man,) for I always spend my Sundays in settling accounts!" The minister replied, "Ah, sir, you will find that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

Be what you would be called. We are bound to be honest, not to be rich.

From the Norfolk Herald.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The editor of the Elizabeth City (N. C.) Phoenix, boasts of "fine shelled almonds, growing in the garden of a gentleman in that town, 'fine flavored and of good size.' And what is there that won't thrive in North Carolina? The earth, we believe, has not a plant, a shrub or a tree, that may not be cultivated to perfection in North Carolina, where universal nature seems to flourish. She combines, indeed, the staple productions of every country in the known world. The grain, lumber, iron, hemp, ship timber and naval stores of the Baltic countries, and the corn, tobacco, cotton, and rice, to which might also be added the wine, oil and silk, of more Southern latitudes. We believe it was Sir Richard Granville, one of the earliest proprietors of the territory, who prophesied that gold would be found in abundance in North Carolina, and that it would become one of the greatest silk countries in the world. The first prediction is already fulfilled, and the fulfillment of the second is now too obvious to be any longer a question. We think there can be no doubt, that the geographical position of North Carolina will be found more favorable to the growth of silk than that of any other spot on this continent, and no less so than any other in the world. The hill-country of North Carolina might also be made to abound with fleecy flocks to supply the great staple of wool to an incalculable extent. Her valleys for the grazing of neat herds, and her forests for the range of swine, are unsurpassed; and her numerous rivers and fisheries are a never-failing source of wealth. Besides all these, we might enumerate still we were tired, the various gifts of nature to the singularly favored and most interesting member of our republic in the range of horticulture, botany and mineralogy, all of which enter more or less into the marketable commodities which constitute the sources of her wealth, and we might specify many others which could be added to the catalogue, which are not indigenous, but which would find a genial soil and climate in North Carolina, and flourish equally with her native productions—and among these is the object of our Elizabeth City friend's admiration, which has elicited this paragraph.

It is true that the traveller will often find in his passage through the lower parts of North Carolina, ridges of poor and sandy lands, which can only afford subsistence for a sparse population; but a few miles from his road on either hand, he will surely come to some river or stream of bold depth, running through a fertile valley of arable land, or through swamps with inexhaustible forests for timber, staves, shingles and "lumber" of every kind. Indeed the very worst specimens of N. Carolina, (and bad enough they are, in all conscience,) are the most familiar to strangers; for they are exhibited chiefly on the main roads leading through the State, and some of their more important lateral branches. But it is here as every where else: the poverty of the soil in one spot is the natural result of its contributions to fertilize some others; and for every acre of poor land or sand barren in North Carolina, there is a corresponding diffusion of fertility and luxuriance.

Abundance.—A letter from Pocahontas county, Ark. to the Little Rock Gazette, says:

"The crops in this and the adjoining counties are better than they ever were known before. Corn can be engaged now at 20 cents per bushel, and wheat at 50 cents. Every thing is low except labor. The highest price is given to mechanics in Pocahontas, and a greater demand than can be supplied."

Improved Wheat.—The latest improvement in wheat is noticed in some of the Northern papers. It is called "Goose Wheat," and obtained its name from a few grains which were found in the claw of a wild goose which had been shot. They were carefully preserved and planted. It is said to be remarkably productive, often yielding from 50 to 75 bushels per acre. *Balt. Chron.*

Col. David Crockett.—Extract of a letter from Holly Springs to a gentleman of Wheeling, dated 22d ultimo: "It is stated that Colonel David Crockett is yet alive, and in Mexico, working in the mines. There were two men, who were known to be in the battle of Alamo, passed through Memphis a few days ago, who say they escaped from the mines in Mexico, and that Crockett was certainly there. These men are known by some of the citizens of Memphis, to be men of respectability. These men went from Giles county, Tennessee. There is great excitement in Memphis about it. It will appear in a few days, and if it is the case, there will be at least ten thousand troops from Tennessee, who will volunteer in less than two weeks. I am determined to go."

There was frost at Vernon, Ohio, August 29th, and on the Tuesday preceding, 48 hours before, the thermometer was 90 degrees—that is fifty eight degrees change of temperature, or six degrees and a fifth per hour!

The Nutmeg.—The nutmeg is an East Indian tree, about thirty feet high, with smooth oblong leaves; it produces an oval or globular fruit, of which the nutmeg is the seed, and the spice, called mace, the prill or cover. Although the fruit is nine months in ripening, it produces three gatherings annually; the first and best in April, the second in August, and the third in December.

From the New York Whig.

UNION AMONG THE WHIGS. PROSPECTS AHEAD.

Every day serves to confirm our belief, that the Whigs of the country, hitherto divided in their preference of a candidate for the Presidency, will soon present an unbroken front on that question. As the period draws near when the selection is to be made by the National Convention, an honorable spirit of concession and harmony seems to be every where pervading our ranks. Those who were for Clay, for Webster, for Harrison, for Scott, or some other candidate whose name has not yet been mentioned, all have exhibited a desire to harmonize, and yield all minor considerations for the good of the cause. This is the true spirit of patriotism, and argues well for our success in the great struggle.

Our opinions have more than once been made known through the columns of this paper, on the absolute necessity of a perfect union among all who are opposed to the present Administration. It is not that we prefer one man above another—both being equal in honesty, in qualifications and in love of country; but our desire is to select the man who can best carry out the reform needed in the present corrupt condition of the Administration. We would take up the man who has a power of influence of his own, and who has the confidence of the people, whom as it has been by the last and present Administration, will not again be betrayed. Whoever takes the helm in 1841, will find a more embarrassed state of public affairs than has existed since the revolution. Our great nation, full of vigor, rich in its resources, will only have reached the climax of government experimenting, and "filled the measure" of humbug glory. Our financial difficulties, instead of being relieved, will have increased, from the natural and inevitable consequences of the unwise measures adopted and in train by the Government. In addition to the embarrassments which the new Administration must encounter from an exhausted treasury, plundered revenues, and a disordered currency—great and absorbing questions of public policy are to come up, which, unless met with the prudence and foresight of the profoundest statesmen and patriots, may convulse the Union to its centre.

It is important, in our humble apprehension, that the people of this country should look at the prospects ahead. There may be subjects which the silent course of courts, and the sure tendency of the unexampled changes in the social condition and population of the country, may render of the greatest consequence—of infinitely greater importance than any question at present in the mouths of politicians. The next census is to show a vast accession of power to the free states of the West. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and the fertile Wisconsin and Iowa, will show an increase of numbers and strength that will outstrip the calculations of political economists. Where then is to be the balance of power? What, then, will be the opinions and wishes of the millions that people the teeming valleys and prairies of the West?

The great questions of Protection and Revenue, will then be opened afresh. The Expenditures of the Government are increasing at a rate, that will compel the Administration to impose a High Tariff for the purposes of Revenue, or else to lay a Direct Tax upon the People, or go on increasing to infinity a National Debt! Unless the National Domain is used to defray the public expenditures, there is no alternative but Debt or Taxation.

The great question of the Public Lands, in which the old States have so deep an interest, is now apparent will not be settled under the existing administration. That question is to be kept open—the hopes of the new States are to be excited by the prospect of seizing upon that vast inheritance of the whole Union—while the old States are to be put off, and eventually, if Van Buren succeeds, be juggled out of their equitable share of that common patrimony.

All these absorbing questions must come up before the public mind, with others possibly of more fearful import; and all go to show the importance of looking calmly at the future, as it is unfolding itself to the eye, and of shaping our course so as to avoid the rocks of a lee shore, or the perils of mid ocean without chart or compass. How important that the country should have a Pilot at the helm, who knows how to steer the ship of state! The mere questions of personal politics, or party successes, dwindle into nothingness in contemplation of the changes that are near upon us.

The man is not to be envied who shall be the next President. If he be not a statesman of the firmest nerve, a patriot of the purest heart, possessing a dauntless heroism and bravery that can defy the storms of party, and the uproar of the elements, which may possibly agitate the Union—he will miserably fail, and be despised by posterity. On the other hand, he who can restore the Country to its former healthy state, who can purge the Administration of its corruptions, and reunite the great antagonistic interests of this vast confederacy, so as to make the great machine move on in harmony, will earn a crown of glory second only to that which surrounds the name of Washington. We believe there is one man better fitted than all others to fill that high destiny. But he is not alone. There is more than one name under whose banners the Union will be preserved. The Whigs are not so poor, that they have but one man fitted to fill the highest station in the country. They have many such; and

knowing that fact—realizing the great importance of the interests at stake, and esteeming the unity of the Union—ready to sacrifice all minor considerations, all selfish ends and aims, upon the altar of Union and abide by, and support heart and hand, the nomination of the National Convention. That Convention, composed of distinguished and patriotic men from all the states of the Union, will select the man who will carry out those measures of reform demanded by the country.

Extract from the speech of Mr. Calhoun on the removal of the Deposits—May 1837.

Mr. Calhoun said, the Senator from New York, in connection with this part of the discussion, had read a striking passage from one of the most pleasing and instructive writers in any language, (Plutarch)—the description of Cæsar forcing himself, sword in hand, into the Treasury of the Roman Commonwealth. We are at the same stage of our political revolution, and the analogy between the two cases is complete, varied only by the character of the actors and the circumstances of the times. That was the case of an intrepid and bold warrior, an open plunderer, seizing forcibly the treasury of the country, which, in that republic, as well as ours, was confided to the Legislative Department of the Government. The actors in our case are of a different character—artful, cunning and corrupt politicians, and not fearless warriors. They have entered the Treasury, not sword in hand, as plunderers, but with the false keys of sophistry, as pilferers, under the silence of midnight. The motive and object are the same, varied in like manner by character and circumstances. "With money I will get men, and with men power," was the maxim of the Roman Plunderer. With money we will get partisans, with partisans votes, and with votes money, is the maxim of our policy pilferers. With men and money Cæsar struck down Roman liberty at the fatal battle of Philippi, never to rise again—from which disastrous hour, all the Roman Republic were consolidated in the person of Cæsar, and perished in his line. With money and corrupt partisans, a great effort is now making to choke and stifle American liberty, through all its natural organs, by corrupting the Press; by overawing the other departments; and finally, by setting up a new and polluted organ, composed of office-holders and corrupt partisans, under the name of a National Convention, which, counterfeiting the voice of the people, will, if not resisted, in their name dictate the succession—when the deed will be done—the revolution be completed—and all the power of our Republic, in like manner, be consolidated in the President, and perpetuated by his election.

A most Extraordinary Disclosure.

The facts disclosed in the following testimony, on oath, by Col. Pleasanton, of Philadelphia, are so very extraordinary, that nothing short of our knowledge of the high character and personal worth of the deponent could have induced us to believe the reality of his narrative. As it is, however, the facts which he relates may be safely pronounced, for atrocity and diabolism of spirit, without precedent or parallel.

National Intelligencer.

From the Harrisburg Chronicle.

We most earnestly call the attention of the people of Pennsylvania to the horrible disclosures made below. If a baser conspiracy was ever contemplated, we have yet to hear it. The person giving this testimony is no partisan; a man of much reputation and high standing, and was one of Gen. Patterson's principal officers, when that officer marched to Harrisburg to quell the rioters. Let the People read and reflect over those horrid disclosures; let them pass judgment at the next election on a party, a leading member of which would, for the sake of aiding that party in its wicked purposes, thus contemplate the destruction of human life by the thousand.

A. J. Pleasanton appeared before the Committee and, being duly sworn according to law, deposed as follows:

Question: Please to state any conversation you had with any person connected with the late disturbances at Harrisburg; or a member of either branch of the Legislature in relation to the intention of the Committee of Safety, or of those who acted with them, tearing up the railroad, or any other act, so as to prevent the troops under Gen. Patterson's command reaching Harrisburg.

Answer: I do not know what the intention of the committee or those connected with them was; I had no conversation with any one on the subject of the intention of those persons; I have no knowledge of anything done in Philadelphia, except such as is derived from common rumor. It was currently reported every where in Philadelphia, before the troops left for Harrisburg, that they would be prevented from marching, or would be obstructed in their progress to the State Capitol, and the means to accomplish this was said to be the removal of some of the rails on the railway. There was much excitement in Philadelphia on the reception of the Governor's orders, and the rumors assumed the complexion of the political parties who originated them. I had been informed by General Patterson that the persons who were to have removed the rails were prevented from so doing by the interference of some of the officers of the volunteers themselves, who represented to them the injury that would

result to their friends from the execution of such an intention.

Question by Mr. Barclay:—Please to state whether you had any conversation with any of the Van Buren members of either branch of the Legislature as to what the Van Buren party, or any portion of it, designed to do, in order to prevent the troops under Gen. Patterson from reaching Harrisburg?

Answer:—On the 20th of January last, I called to see Col. McElwee, a member of the House of Representatives from Bedford, on some public business, at his lodgings, in the evening. He was undressed, and about to go to bed, but entered into conversation with me on the subject of my business; in the course of which he referred to the character of the volunteer troops from Philadelphia, who had been in service in the preceding month of December at this place. He spoke very favorably of them, and said that it was well for them that so many of them were Democrats, as otherwise they would never have lived to have reached Harrisburg. He then stated that on the announcement here that the troops from Philadelphia would obey the order of the Governor, and would march for Harrisburg, "it was agreed by himself and two or three others, whom he did not name, to prevent their arrival at this place at all hazards, supposing at the moment that, as the troops belonged to Philadelphia, they were all Whigs, and favorable to the state administration. To carry out this agreement, he said it was determined to remove a few of the rails on the rail-road at the most dangerous part of it, and also to form a mine under this exposed part, to be filled with gunpowder, so that in the confusion which would arise from the train of cars containing the troops, being overturned by thus running off the track, the mine might be sprung, and the whole body of them blown into the air together! For this purpose, he himself had purchased three barrels of gunpowder, and said that he had paid forty dollars out of his own pocket for the purchase. To convince me that he was serious in what he stated to have been the design, he further said that his associates therein were men of tried courage, and, having been officers of the army during the last war, knew how to execute the project they had conceived.

This design was abandoned by them in consequence of information having been received subsequently to the purchase of the powder, that the troops then on their route from Philadelphia were not all of the same political party, a large portion of them belonging to the Democratic party, to which Col. McElwee and his associates in this design also belonged. He further said that it was to this circumstance alone, that the arrival of the troops from Philadelphia at Harrisburg without injury or loss, was to be attributed. The design was abandoned because it would have been impossible to have separated the Democrats from the Whigs in its execution, and protect them from the danger of the explosion.

A. J. PLEASANTON.

[Col. Pleasanton, in explanation.]

"I deem it proper to state to the committee, least some persons might suppose that I had been instrumental in causing my testimony on this subject to be adduced, that I have never mentioned this conversation before my examination today to any but to one gentleman from a neighboring state, who was casually here in attendance on public business, and with whom I was in the habit of daily intercourse."

When on the eve of his departure from Harrisburg, he incautiously repeated the substance of this conversation, to a member of the Senate, and mentioned my name as that of his authority for his statement. That senator caused me to be subpoenaed as a witness before this committee. When I learned for what object I had been thus subpoenaed, I declined to give my testimony until I had stated these circumstances to Col. McElwee. This I did this morning. Col. McElwee made no objections to my giving his conversation in evidence, and accordingly I have answered the questions which the committee proposed to me.

A. J. P.

THE PIE-BALD PARTY.

Some wisecracks of the administration undertake to characterize the opposition as a pie bald concern, having no common object or bond of union. There is one thing they may be certain of—the opposition will unite to put down the sub-treasury usurpations and official delinquency of the federal administration. That will be glory enough for one generation. And if there ever was a pie bald party, a real striped jacket, yellow-leg concern, it is the party that cheats the Old States out of their share of the Public Lands, and lets the public officers run away with the money. Why, what in the name of wonder, is the Van Buren party made up of? Randolph said they had "seven principles—five loves and two fishes." Calhoun, at a later period, said they were a party "bound together by the cohesive power of public plunder"—and the experience of the last ten years proves it to be a fact.

Bucktails and Clintonians, Jacksons, Crawford-men, Calhounites, radicals, prodigals, state-rights men, consolidationists, internal improvement and bank men, anti-improvement and no bank men, tariff and anti tariff, federalists and democrats, aristocrats, agrarians and levelers, swindling sub-treasurers and loco foco plunderers—these make up the pie bald party of "seven principles," who are kept together by the "cohesive power of public plunder." This is the

party which pulls down one sound bank, and creates a host of rotten shavings mills. This is the party which lets its sub-treasurers run off with millions of the people's money. This is the party, which says to the Old Thirteen States, you shall not have any portion of the proceeds of the public domain—for we want it to buy votes for Van Buren and his successor. And if our government officers run away with half of it, it is no concern of the old states—it is not their money at any rate! This is the party, which promised a gold currency, and brought upon the people a shower of rags; which promised retrenchment of expenses and reform of abuses—and has constantly falsified all its fair promises to the country. If there ever was a "pie bald concern," most truly is it the Van Buren party.

New York Whig.

One of the most bold and foolish devices of the times, is the attempt to represent the Whig party as the old Federal party. The intimacy with which this deception is kept up, shows that those engaged in the plot realize some advantage from the fraud and deceit thus practised. Otherwise, they would not voluntarily continue so unworthy a course. We have frequently referred to this matter before, and have made some exposures which proved pretty conclusively that, as far as old federalists were connected with either of the political parties that now divide the country, there is about "six on one side to half a dozen on the other." If we examine principles, it is evident that the modern patent democrats are more high-toned and ultra in their notions of executive prerogative than even the old Federalists themselves. *Alex. Gazette.*

Escape of Convicts.—Three convicts, says the New York Express, whose names at the time of our receiving the report had not transpired, made their escape from Blackwell's Island on Saturday, in the following daring manner. The doctor of the Penitentiary paid a visit to the Island, leaving his boat in charge of his man. The convicts seized the opportunity, came suddenly upon him, knocked him down, and leaping into the boat, rowed off. An alarm was instantly given, and the sentinels opened a fire upon them, but without effect. We are sorry to say that one of the sentinels was badly hurt from the bursting of his musket, notwithstanding the efforts of the convicts to stop up in the boat, and cheered in return for the salute poured in upon them. They got clear off, and as yet have not been retaken.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

New York, Sept. 10.

The Great Western arrived this morning, bringing us news from London to the evening of Aug. 23d, being twenty-four days later. She brings 110 passengers, among whom are Gov. Reynolds, of Illinois, and Gen. Rawlings, from, it is said, not unsuccessful European money expeditions. The Great Western beat the British Queen out, in time and distance, 12 hours, but about 24 from port to port. This trip has been a very boisterous one.

What is the state of the crops? was the first question in Wall street. It is difficult to answer this now, but the best opinion I can get from reading a great variety of English newspapers is, that there will be an average crop, and that the crop is nearly out of peril. Of this, however, there is some doubt, and the fact is not admitted to be settled, and will not be settled, probably, even by the British Queen. In France most of the grain had been harvested, and the crops were remarkably good.

The Bank of England raised the rate of interest on the 8th to 6 per cent., and the rate was fully sustained. The imports of bullion were much greater than the exports, although the Bank of England continued to be drained. That institution had borrowed two millions of the Bank of France, and could have more if it wished. The agency of the Bank of the United States had passed into the hands of Barings & Co., and every thing went on smoothly. Mr. Judon was on the Continent, and it was stated he had negotiated a large loan on American securities for the Bank. American stocks in London had sold at still lower rates, and were unsaleable; several agents that went out in the Great Western to negotiate loans returned without affecting any object; but it is stated in the Commercial this evening that Gen. Rawlings and Col. Oakley had succeeded in negotiating a loan of \$4,000,000 Illinois bonds on favorable terms.

The Queen was to prorogue Parliament August 27. The penny postage bill has become a law. Mr. Brunel has notified the Lord Mayor of London that the Thames tunnel is completed to within five feet of the Middlesex side. England continued in great agitation on account of the Chartist, and their movements were alarming, but were not feared. Most of the leaders have been tried and found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for one and two years. Those concerned in the Birmingham riot were sentenced to death, but are to be transported.

The Agency of the U. States Bank has ceased in London, and hereafter the Bank will draw on Baring & Brothers. Mr. Spring Rice was about to be raised to the peerage, and Mr. F. T. Baring would be his successor as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The London Times says Mr. Christopher Hughes was negotiating with the French Government the recognition by

France of Texas, but were to this.

The affairs of the East may be considered as settled, the five Great Powers having interfered, to which the Pope had assented. There is no further alarm from that quarter.

The political news, generally, is without interest, except that which relates to the East.

New York, Sept. 11.

There was not time yesterday when I wrote to read and digest twenty-four days' later of European news, and the public had not had time to read it, so that there was quite a wrangle in the street as to the character of the news, whether it was good or bad. Neither the cotton nor the flour holders knew what to do, and the money dealers were in the fog.

The general impression now is, that the news is good, or rather promises to be good. Money, it is true, was scarce in England, and bore a high rate of interest; but the panic was over; the exchanges were turning, or turned, in favor of England; bullion was running there from all quarters of the world; and the crops, or prospects for the crops, were not bad, if not good. Things were clearly settling down there into a quiet state. The Chartists were going to work again. The Bank of England was discounting commercial paper, though at six per cent. There was a talk of reducing the rate of interest to five per cent. No longer were one pound notes thought of as a remedy for the run of specie. There was not the least fear of a suspension. The Government had succeeded in negotiating nearly all its Exchequer bills, and its credit was sustained. Though the manufacturers were yet working on short hours, cotton promised to be on the rise, and the moment money was easier, or bore a lower rate of interest, Manchester, Birmingham, Rochdale, and other places, would be busy again. The American this evening judiciously remarks, "We may reasonably hope for ameliorating and improving accounts by every arrival, and, as the Great Western has brought news that is good, we may anticipate by the British Queen, to be expected here from the 18th to the 20th, intelligence yet better."

American stocks are almost unsaleable in London, but some sales have been effected (conditionally, however, as to Illinois) both in Arkansas and Illinois bonds. The conditions of the Illinois sales, however, are reported to be such as cannot be accepted, and such as will fall through. The Commissioners are here.

The stocks in the city to-day have stood firm, some advancing; U. States Bank to 106½; and there are large operations, indicating more firmness and a better spirit than we have seen for some time. The impression is, that the brass have had their day, and that now is the turn of the bulls.

The flour market must be depressed, I think, by the news respecting the European crops, though I have seen no sales to-day. What keeps flour up here is a short supply, the farmers in the interior, who have been accustomed to high prices, positively refusing to sell upon the offers the millers now make, in the belief that as the season advances the price of flour will rise. Ill-judged as this opinion is, upon existing facts and prospects, the custom of receiving high prices for wheat makes the farmers now the holders on; and thus we have a short supply, keeping up prices, whereas if the wheat went forward as usual the fall would be very great.

I see no reason to doubt that we have all the branches of government in Vermont, the Governor and Senate now being certain, though the Whig majority in the House will be small. We have nothing as yet from Maine.

SPAIN.—Madrid journals and letters from our correspondent of the 11th inst. have come to hand.

Rumors of changes in the Ministry were still afloat. It was even said that M. Caramanino, the Minister of the Interior, had tendered his resignation. MM. Saneho and Olazaga, former members of the Supreme Council of the War and Navy departments, who, it will be remembered, were unceremoniously dismissed by General Alais, had formally declared against any alliance of the Exaltado party and him. It was highly probable, therefore, that he would not figure in any new Ministry. The Exaltados had already drawn up their programme. The very first measures they intend bringing forward in the Cortes would be the reform of the clergy, the abolition of tithes and the suppression of majorates. [Times, August 20.]

The elections in Spain continued favorable to the Exaltados, or as they call themselves, the Progress Party.

A regiment of the Carlist General Muro's army had mutinied; and the affairs of Don Carlos were becoming desperate.

The town of Weissenfels, in Prussia, as we learn from the Journal du Haut et Bas Rhin, has escaped narrowly from total destruction. On the 19th ult. a water spout burst over it, and caused a flood, which carried away many buildings near the road to Naumburg. Next night a similar catastrophe was repeated in a more tremendous degree, when the flood was so powerful that it tore up the pavement, filling the cellars, and even forcing its way through the lower windows in the streets. Many houses, walls, bridges, and trees, were carried away, placing the lives of the inhabitants in the utmost peril, though it is not stated that any were lost. As late as the morning of the 25th, the water stood in the streets and houses to a height of six or seven feet.

